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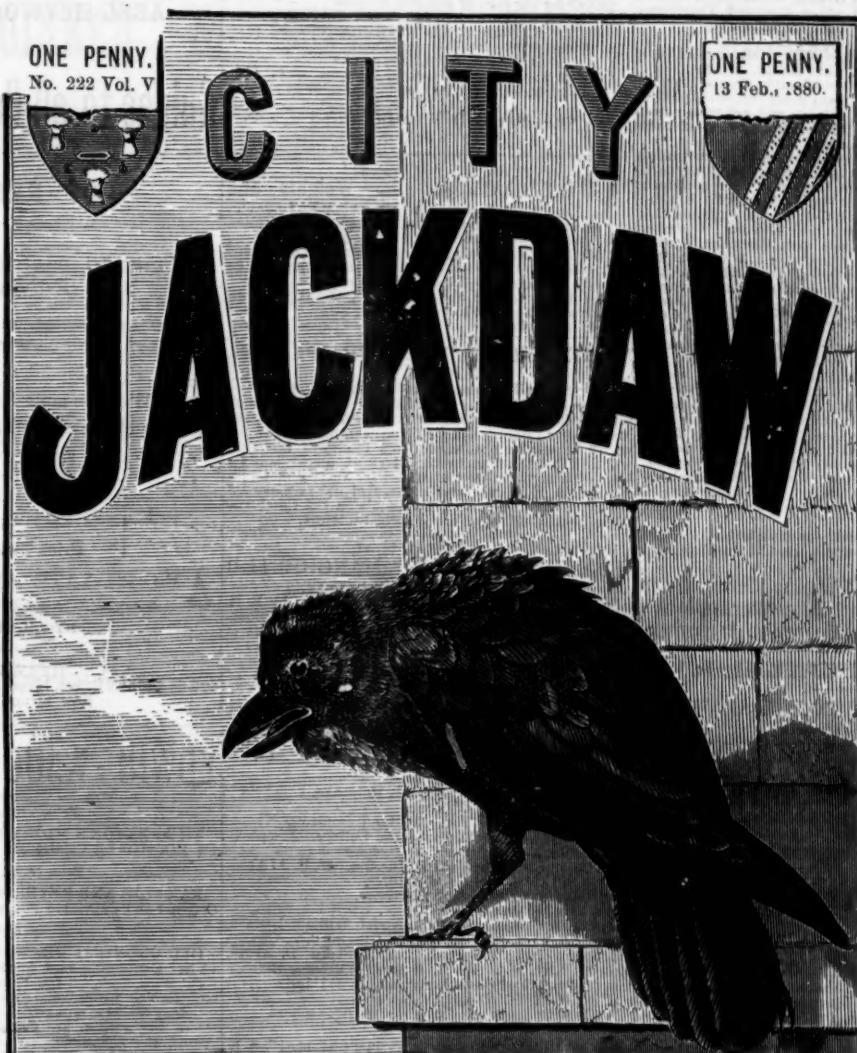
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ENGLISH MECHANIC, Nov. 21.—This is a new annual specially addressed to artizans, though, from the nature of the contents, it will probably have a very extended sale amongst the general public, for it contains information of a practical kind upon many subjects of interest. There is the usual calendar and almanac matter, and quite a number of useful recipes, besides articles selected from various sources.

HALIFAX COURIER, Nov. 22.—It is a useful sixpennyworth for all descriptions of working men. In addition to the usual calendar and general information looked for in almanacs, there is a mass of well-arranged information suited to the mechanic and general workman, including facts, calculating tables, receipts, inventions (with many illustrations), &c., &c.

SALFORD CHRONICLE, Nov. 22.—We have just received a copy of the "Artizan's Year Book and Engineer and Building Trades' Almanac for the year 1880," which is equal, both in quality and variety of matter, to any of its competitors. Besides an excellent almanac, it gives a fund of interesting and useful information to persons of the artizan and mechanical class, for whose use it is specially intended.

MANCHESTER CITY NEWS, Dec. 13.—Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son have begun the issue of a yearly manual and almanac, especially addressed to artizans, engineers, and workmen in the building trades. It is a repertory or miscellany of facts of all kinds. There are articles on mahogany stains, preserving skins, building stones, the incrustation of boilers, the use of water power in towns, mathematical instruments, machinery for connecting woodwork, and a hundred other subjects.

BRISTOL MERCURY, Nov. 24.—Chiefly intended for mechanics in the engineers' and building trades, for whom it provides a fund of instructive matter.

COLLIERY GUARDIAN, Nov. 21.—It contains eighty pages of useful and interesting matter, introduced by an able article from the pen of Mr. Abel Heywood, jun., entitled "A Slight Sketch of English-printed Almanacs." The

book contains a well-prepared and full calendar, the ministry, eclipses, law terms, stamps, and a vast variety of information both ordinary and extraordinary; indeed, we should think everything which an artizan, engineer, or builder can require. We have little doubt that the venture will be a decided success.

BRIGHTON EXAMINER, Nov. 25.—A valuable contribution to artizans generally, and especially to those who are indicated in the title. The calendar and general useful information found in almanacs are preceded by an interesting sketch of the history of English-printed almanacs, and followed by a mass of brief but lucid contributions on subjects relating to science and art in many departments, tables of purchase and sale of property for building clubs, diameters and circumferences, change wheels for screw cutting, &c., construction of frames, lathes, drills, the application and use of water power in towns, photography, lithography, &c., and valuable hints on a hundred other subjects, compressed within the compass of a handy sixpenny volume.

EASTERN MORNING NEWS, Dec. 5.—This almanac contains much information of special value to all concerned in the engineering and building trades, including many calculations, tables, and receipts.

ASHTON REPORTER, Nov. 29.—This is a valuable compendium of information, and may well be called a *multum in parvo*. We shall not attempt to enumerate the many different items of scientific and technical instruction relating to almost all kinds of professions and trades, many of which are illustrated by diagrams, but we may safely assert that all classes of workmen and amateurs would find it useful as a book for frequent reference, at a merely nominal cost.

WIGAN OBSERVER, Nov. 16.—It is full of information of special use to workmen in the various trades mentioned, and cannot fail to have a wide circulation, the almanac supplying a want often complained of.

EDINBURGH DAILY REVIEW, Nov. 26.—This almanac contains a large collection of useful and interesting information suitable for all classes of artizans in the engineering and building trades, besides hints which inventors may probably read. The subjects upon which the editor and others have written are too numerous even to mention. The diagrams by which many of the subjects treated are illustrated are clearly

printed and easily understood by the references in the various articles.

THE BAZAAR, Dec. 1.—A publication that deserves wide circulation among mechanics and workmen generally. The quantity of sound information and useful hints it contains is surprising.

ILLUSTRATED CARPENTER AND BUILDER, Dec. 5.—An excellent year book for the mechanic. The information given is well digested, and many of the short pieces of information on points in mechanical manipulation convey hints of great value to the workman. The longer articles are also characterised by a clearness and simplicity which will commend them to all artizans. The value of engineering and mechanical tables is also great.

PUBLIC OPINION, Nov. 29.—The Artizans' Year Book and Almanac, 1880, is full of information of the most varied and practical kind, and much of the valuable matter it contains is such as is not to be found elsewhere.

OLDHAM CHRONICLE, Nov. 29.—Is likely to have an extensive sale, not only locally, but throughout the country. It is an excellent protest against centralization, and affords substantial evidence of what Manchester can do in the production of a thoroughly useful almanac for those interested in the engineering and building trades. Among the numerous woodcuts in the work is an artistic sketch of the birthplace of Crompton. In addition to a large amount of technical information, the work contains much that is useful to the general reader with reference to building clubs, life insurance, &c.

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MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, 18 FEBRUARY, 1880.

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XV.

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Anno 1424, 3rd year of Henry VI.

To the Honourable Master Troutbeck, Chancellor of our Lord the King of the Duchy of Lancaster, and to the King's Council, Ralph of Ratcliffe and James of the Holts, Justices of the Peace within the said County of Lancaster, send greeting in God Almighty:—

Certificant you that on Monday next after Midsummer day, of the 3rd year of the reign of King Henry VI, that at Manchester Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Sheriff of the County of Lancaster, shewed us a writ directed to him from our Lord the King, making intention that there was great rumour and congregation of routes between Sir Richard Molyneux, sometimes dwelling at Sefton, in the County of Lancashire, Knight, on the one part, and Thomas Stanley the younger, of Liverpull, of the County of Lancaster, Esq., on the other part, charging the said Sheriff to take power of the said County, and set and withstand the said Richard's congregation. Wherefore the said Sheriff charged us and many other gentry of the King's behalf, and as we were keepers of the King's peace, that we should go with him to Liverpull, then, as the said congregation and riots were ordained to be: and the said Sheriff and we "gude" to Liverpull on Wednesday next after, and there we found the said Thomas of Stanley in his father's house, and with a multitude of people in the town to the number of two thousand men and more; and we asket him the cause of that assembly of King's people, and he was informed that the said Sir Richard of Molyneux will come hither with great congregation, riot, and great multitude of people, to slay and beat the said Thomas, his men, and his servants, the which he would withstand if he might. And he, the said Thomas said that he would find sufficient surety of the peace for him and all his, so the said Richard would find surety in the same form; and even the said Thomas agreed himself to be surety to the Sheriff, and to the Justices of the Peace, and to go to whatever ward you would assign him; and hereon the Friday next after the Sheriff arrested the said Thomas and committed him to ward; and the said Sheriff made cry, that the people there was should go with him to help him to execute his office; and the most part of all the people being then and thither coming by his commandment, agreed then to go with him at his commandment, if he would have them; and the said Sheriff he commandeth of the Justices of the Peace of you the said Chancellor, that there was "gadden" up to the West Derby Fen, and there on a Mow within the said town, we saw the said Sir Richard with great congregations, route, and multitude, to the number of a thousand men and more, arrayed in manner as to go to battle, and coming in towards Liverpull town, and the said Sheriff arrested Sir Richard, and committed him to ward: and for as much as we think requisite the Sheriff before said to certify as of the said riot, for as much as we were then present: and the which certificate he would not agree, therefore the said Ralph and James certify you in the form before said. Written on the 16th day of July, in the year before said."

The Schedule served with this certificate was as follows:—

"Be it in mind that I, the said William Troutbeck, Chancellor of Lancaster, have showed this certificate to Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Sheriff of Lancashire, and desired him to record it; and he said he would not record it in all things as above written."

"Henry, King of England and France, Duke of Ireland, to his Chancellor of the County Palatine of Lancaster, sends the following mandamus:—

"We command, etc. That Thomas, son of John Stanley, soldier, now residing in my Castle of Cliderhow, shall withdraw himself as far as the Castle of Kenilworth; and that Richard Molyneux, soldier, residing at the Castle of Lancaster, shall withdraw himself as far as the Castle of Windsor. Given at Westminster, the third year of my reign, Anno 1424."

For this charge these two gentlemen were detained nearly a year each.

This Thomas was the son of Sir John Stanley, and grandson of the first Sir John Stanley, who resided at Lathom. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1431, Knight of the Garter, 1456, and died 1459, being buried at Burscough. He married Joan, daughter of Sir Robert Gonsell, and by her had four sons, viz. :—

1. Sir Thomas Stanley, who was created by Henry VI. Baron Stanley, and by Henry VII. Earl of Derby. His first wife was Eleanor Nevil, daughter of the Earl of Salisbury, and sister to the Earl of Warwick (the King maker); his second wife was Eleanor, countess of Richmond, mother of King Henry the VII.

2. William Stanley, styled of Holt, who was beheaded by Henry VII. in 1494.

3. John Stanley, who married the daughter of Sir Thomas Weaver, and was the ancestor of the Stanleys of Alderley.

4. James Stanley, Archdeacon of Carlisle.

In Lord Herbert's *History of King Henry the VIII.*, amongst the articles of impeachment preferred against Cardinal Wolsey, 1529, it is stated—"The Lord Cardinal did call before him the said John Stanley, Knight, who had taken a farm by Convent Seal of the Abbott and Convent of Chester, to wit of the tythes of Prestbury Parish, in Cheshire, and committed the said Sir John to the Fleet Prison, till such time as he compelled him to return his Convent Seal to one Leigh of Adlington, who had married one Lark's daughter; which woman the Cardinal kept, and by her had two children; whereof Sir John took so much displeasure in his heart that he made himself a monk in Westminster, and there died."

(To be Continued.)

R I N G S .

GENTLEMEN in England have a very general fashion of wearing rings in what seemed to me a very lady-like way. A signet ring, engraved with a cipher, a crest, or a beautiful design, seems fit and becoming upon the hand of a man who can afford to keep it clean and out of danger of knocks and blows. Nor are we unaccustomed to see examples of annular gorgeousness—notably vast amethysts—upon hands which are not so cared for. But this is not the ring-wearing of gentlemen in England. There small rings set with stones are in favour. Diamonds set in heavy hoops, rubies as eyes in the heads of golden snakes which coil three or four times around the finger, diamonds and rubies, diamonds and sapphires, in alternation, are seen upon the fingers of most of the men who are above the lower middle

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class,—noblemen, clergymen, army officers, university dons, hard-headed men of affairs, merchants. Not one ring only; indeed, a single ring upon a man's hand is rather exceptional. You shall see a big fellow with big brown hands, or an elderly man of staid business habits, with three or even four jewelled rings upon his fingers; not unfrequently there will be two upon one finger. The turquoise is in great favour,—the most unmanly and woman-proper of all precious stones, in my judgment; most suitable to the fairest and softest of the sex. It is frequently alternated with the diamond on a heavy hoop, a wide space being left between the stones. The fashion impressed me as quite incongruous with manly dignity and simplicity. But perhaps this was merely because I was unaccustomed to it. I know that I saw a man with a diamond ring and a plain hoop on one finger, a turquoise on another, and a ruby-eyed snake whose coils covered one joint of a third, whom I knew to be a gentleman, and had good reason to believe thoroughly a man. If these men had not been of my own blood and speech I should not have thought this habit remarkable; but thus it strikes a stranger who is yet not a foreigner.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

PEOPLE WHO AMUSE US.

(BY QUILL PEN)

No. 1.—MR. FAWCETT LOMAX.—(*Fitzwarren*, Theatre Royal.)

THE first occasion on which I had the pleasure of meeting the subject of the sketch was in the comfortable and elegant smoke-room-bar of the Oxford Road Inn, and I am happy to be able to say that I have found him, on acquaintance, to be as pleasant and genial a companion as he is a clever and amusing actor.

Mr. Fawcett Lomax drew his first breath of life, uttered his first infantile shriek, and first became a source of love, trouble, and anxiety to his worthy parents about twenty-seven years ago, his introduction to this bustling world having occurred on the 11th January, 1853, in the town of Leeds—his parents having long been in that excellent school, "the York circuit," at the time when it was a circuit. His maternal grandfather was first cousin to the celebrated John Fawcett, and his great aunt was the "beautiful Mrs. Ogden." But though connected on both sides with the theatricals, young Fawcett was not intended by either his father or mother for the dramatic profession. They, however, discovered to their dismay that ere he had attained the age of eleven, he had surreptitiously commenced management, having obtained a company of juvenile comedians, rented a room, painted and fitted-up his own scenery, concocted his own plays, designed his own wardrobe, and printed his own bills. The first night's performance of the season, inaugurated by this indefatigable and youthful manager, resulted in a net profit of elevenpence, after paying rent, gas—I mean candles—and salaries (?), so that he might, by this time, have amassed a small fortune were it not that his incautiously displaying red and blue fires, in a manner that threatened destruction to the neighbourhood, brought his managerial career to an abrupt termination. Mr. Lomax was not to be discouraged by failure, for shortly after he obtained an engagement as call-boy at a theatre in his native town, which engagement he relinquished in order to apply for a similar position at the Tyne Theatre, which was then in course of erection. Mr. George Stanley, the manager, "thought he could get on without a call-boy," but Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P., who happened to be present, after interrogating the applicant, advised his friend to engage the "cannie laddie." This Mr. Stanley ultimately did, when he found him both industrious and trustworthy; and during a long and brilliant season, it was part of his duty to daily carry large sums of money to the bank, his only companion and protector being a faithful dog.

Mr. Lomax entered on his first engagement in what is termed a line of business, at the Theatre Royal, Coventry, in 1867, playing principal parts, he being then in his fifteenth year. In 1871 he undertook the duties of stage-manager and principal comedian at the Marylebone Theatre—then the Royal Alfred—London, being then, I believe, the youngest stage-manager in the kingdom. Since then he has played leading comedy at most of the principal theatres in the country, and has held the position of stage-manager at the Theatres Royal, Bath, Exeter, and Greenock, being engaged at the latter house for several seasons, and for which theatre he wrote the pantomime last year, playing the principal character and clown. Mr. Lomax's next engage-

ment was with the Majiltons, whom he accompanied on their tour, sustaining the comedy parts, and, I believe, he rejoins them on the termination of his present successful engagement at the Theatre Royal. His last engagement was with Mr. Neebe, of Bath, by whom he was secured to produce Charles Reade's drama of "Drink" on tour in the west of England Mr. Lomax sustaining the part of *Coupeau*, in which character he displayed great dramatic power, the *Bath Gazette* remarking, "Mr. Fawcett Lomax, as *Coupeau*, has a great task to battle with in the eyes of those who have seen Mr. Charles Warner in the same character, but we consider he played with an amount of skill that elevates his position as an actor. In the tremendously difficult scene where the unhappy *Coupeau* is induced to take the brandy and become delirious, Mr. Lomax showed an amount of dramatic intensity that we were quite unprepared for." The rest of the press in the west of England being equally laudatory in their criticisms. On leaving Mr. Neebe's company to come to Manchester, he was presented by the members of the company with a handsome despatch case, as a token of their esteem.

Mr. Lomax is now playing the part of *Fitzwarren* in the pantomime of "Dick Whittington and his Cat," at the Theatre Royal, and it is not too much to say that by his thoroughly humorous rendering of the character, he has largely contributed to the success of one of the most successful pantomimes ever produced in Manchester. Mr. Lomax's friends will be glad to hear that he has been re-engaged for next year's pantomime.

TO-MORROW.

BLEST to-morrow! blest, for then
I shall see my darling's face again.
O dear to-morrow! minutes, fly!
And bring the blissful hour more nigh.
O bright to-morrow! heart, be still,
Too much of bliss forebodes ill.
Yet to to-morrow, if God will,
Look I with heart quick-beating still.
O come, to-morrow! quick—for then
I shall see the face I love, again.

Whalley Range.

K. TAYLOR.

THE WHISTLING BUOY.

BUOYS anchored over sunken wrecks, or shoals, or submarine cables are often very difficult to distinguish by day, even with glasses, if the sea is rough and the weather thick; while on dark nights they are, of course, indistinguishable. A buoy which shall announce its whereabouts by a light or a sound has therefore a great advantage over the ordinary sort. In the Courtenay automatic whistling buoy, the rising and sinking of the buoy on the waves is made the means of compressing air and blowing a whistle which can be heard for miles. These buoys have recently been tested by the French Lighthouse Board, and recommended to the Ministry of Marine for adoption in France. The Chamber of Commerce, and the pilots and captains consulted, all agreed that they are of great service; but some natural opposition to them has been forthcoming from people living within the range of the whistles. The mechanism of the whistle is very simple; and as it is liable to damage from collision with ships and boats, the inventor has enclosed it in a protective gallery. Wind, ground-swallows, and moisture in the air, all increase the penetrative power of the whistle, provided they are not excessive, owing probably to increased compression of the air in the sounding chamber. The intervals of silence between the successive whistles can be graduated in length as easily as the intervals between the flashes of revolving lights, so that each buoy may have its distinctive call, and no confusion may be occasioned among mariners or boatmen when a number of buoys are moored in the same neighbourhood. In fact, if need were, each buoy could be made to sound a distinctive letter or word, according to the Morse telegraphic alphabet of signals.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

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EPITAPHS.

CEMETERIES are fast taking the place of churchyards, and a new fashion has arisen in regard to gravestones, which are now called tombs; and the stonemasons of former days have given place to monumental sculptors. The old-fashioned stone slabs, raised two or three feet, and surrounded by rails, have given place to extensive monuments of polished granite, ten to twenty feet in height, and lettered in gold; while the humbler slabs, which rested on the ground, are succeeded by head-stones in every variety; the grave itself forming a garden plot, which loving hands are wont to tend with care.

It seems remarkable that the more expensive tombs are generally free from epitaphs—a name, date of birth and death, being considered sufficient; while epitaphs on gravestones of a cheaper kind are common. Some of the inscriptions are in use over the length and breadth of the land; the authors of them are unknown, but by constant use the words have become public property. Other epitaphs are original, composed when in life by the deceased or his friends; the remainder are texts from Scripture.

There is one poetical effusion often to be met with in churchyards—or chapelyards, for that matter—but seldom to be seen in our cemeteries.

"Afflictions sore long time I bore—
Physicians were in vain;
But Christ the chief gave me relief,
And eased me of my pain."

That is of a personal kind, as also are the following—

"Prepare in time, make no delay,
For I in youth was called away;
In love I lived, in pain I died,
Life was desired, but God denied."

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chain with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise."

On a gravestone to the memory of one of 67 years may be read—"I have loved the habitations of thy house, and the place where thy honour dwelleth";—which breathes a religious spirit, and is evidently the dying testimony of a good Christian.

Visitors to the Isle of Man who have penetrated to the more secluded spots of the Island, may perhaps have noticed, within a mile of Castletown, on the road leading to St. John's, a church near to the road. The edifice, like many in the interior of the Isle of Man, is a plain whitewashed structure, ornamented with stained glass windows. The churchyard is full of gravestones, made chiefly from slate. In passing, one summer's day, I strolled about this churchyard, and came upon one inscription, which well repaid the visit. On a headstone of a plain character was inscribed the name and date on which one of the female members of the choir had died at the early age of 18. A marble scroll was affixed, with the words—

"He hath put a new psalm in my mouth."—Psalm xl. 3.

Most fitting and appropriate, it certainly bore the mark of an educated taste, and upon looking more carefully I found another inscription, saying that the monument had been erected by the vicar and choir as a token of respect and esteem.

It would be well if the same judgment and taste could accompany a selection of texts, mottoes, and epitaphs. How often is the eye wearied by the sameness and frequency of such as—

"Gone, but not forgotten."
"Deeply regretted."
"Not lost, but gone before."

Of less frequency are—

"Thy will be done."
"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

The latter verse reminds me of a day in August eight years ago, when all that was left of a fine young man, scarce thirty years old, was borne to its last resting place. Had he been more careful of himself, and less mindful of others, he would in all probability have been living now, but he died, as others have done before, and possibly will again, because the burden of life is made heavy, and their strength is unequal to their sense of duty. On winter nights, and long summer evenings, this young man devoted his spare time, without fee or reward, amongst the poor. He, in connection with two other high-

principled men, conducted a ragged school in one of the poorest parts of Manchester, and laboured earnestly for the amelioration of such of the waifs and strays as could be induced to attend; and when death stepped in and took one of their teachers away, his class of boys was brought subsequently to the side of his grave, and with uncovered heads, sang a few of the hymns he loved so well. Who shall say but that some of the seed which he has sown in life may not bring forth fruit after his death, and that the result of his labours may be found after many days?

Some of the inscriptions on tombs are the work of parents, such as the following, on the death of two children, aged three and seven—

"Their little bark was very soon
O'er life's wild ocean riven;
The first rough stormy wind that blew
Wafted them to heaven."

On three children, aged one, two, and seven—

"How hard it is to part with those
We hold on earth so dear;
The heart no greater trial knows—
No sorrow more severe."

Surviving relatives record—

"Behold, He taketh away—who can hinder him; who will say—What doest Thou?"—Job vii. 12.

"Prepare to meet thy God."

"The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

This last inscription is dictated by a Christian spirit, resigned to the will of God. In a similar spirit is the following, where the bread-winner has been removed—

"A faithful friend, a husband dear,
A tender father lieth here;
Great is the loss that we sustain—
Our loss is his eternal gain."

There is, however, a grotesque side to this subject, and strange though it may appear, people can be found to intrude their eccentricities in the consecrated ground reserved for Death. The following will be found on a gravestone in Melton Mowbray churchyard—

"Here lies the wife of William Stokes,
Who lived and died like other folks."

In Rochdale churchyard, on Tim Bobbin's grave, is recorded—

"Here lies Tim and with him Mary,
Cheek by jowl and never vary;
No wonder that they so agree—
Tom wants no punch, and Moll no tea."

A. T.

POLITICAL PARODIES.—No. 2.

AIR—*The dear little Shamrock.*

CHERE'S a dear little member, that's sent from our isle,
And the Saxons will never forget him;
The frowns of their nation he meets with a smile,
And a Speaker's rebuke won't upset him.
For he thrives 'midst the murmurs of their entire land—
The stout-hearted patriot—the member from Ireland.

The dear little member,
The sturdy-voiced member,
The fiery, obstructionist member from Ireland.

This dear little member, that hails from our land,
Like a true model son of *ould* Erin,
All order disdains, and despises command,
Indifferent to hootin' or cheerin'.
And the *bould* Home-Rule votes, both in borough and shire land,
Are the well-earned reward of the member from Ireland.

The dear little member,
The *bould*, fearless member—
The glorious, uproarious member from Ireland.

This dear little member, that springs from our soil,
Ere his strength in debate is expended,
Contrives all his foes in a mess to embroil
(Exactly the mischief intended).
Then surely you all must respect and admire land
That turns out such men as the member from Ireland.

The dear little member,
The Home-Ruler member—
The law-breaking, jaw-breaking member from Ireland.



CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—Pantomime—*Dick Whittington and His Cat*.
 Prince's Theatre.—Pantomime—*The Forty Thieves*.
 Queen's Theatre.—Pantomime—*Old Mother Goose*.
 The Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment.
 The Folly.—Variety Entertainment.
 Free Trade Hall.—Diorama—“Route to India.”
 Whaite's, Bridge Street.—German Fair.
 Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

At the Liverpool Police Court, on Tuesday, a man who rejoices in the Christian name of *Benjamin*, with the remarkable surname of *Beer*, was charged with embezzlement, and was handed by the Liverpool magistrates over to the Leeds authorities for trial. We should not have noticed the fact but for the extraordinarily suggestive name of the offender—do not the names of *Benjamin* and *Beer* smack of Toryism and hankering after other people's money? We wish some one would hand over another *Benjamin* we could name to the proper authorities; we should have no objection to standing the *Beer* ourselves.

THERE may or there may not be truth in the rumour that our clever Government are about to use Persia as a cat's paw in order to get their political chestnuts nicely out of the fire; but when the murmur went round the House as to the proposed Persian occupation of Herat, didn't the Opposition prick up its 'ear at the news!

THE Marquis of Hartington, in his remarks on Home Rulers on Tuesday, was rather severe upon the Government, who shout their disapprobation of the measure loudly outside, and reward its greatest supporters with Lord Lieutenancies. Was it in acknowledgment of the services of Colonel King Harman to the cause of Home Rule, that he was introduced to the House of Commons by two sons of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland? Do the Ministry reject the votes of Colonel King Harman, Sir George Bowyer, Lord Robert Montague, Mr. C. F. Hammond, Mr. Geo. Morris, or even Major O'Gorman, because of their allegiance to the Home Rule question? If these half dozen Home Rulers had been on the Liberal side of the House their votes would have counted twelve in a division—but

That in a Tory's loyalty and truth,
 Which in a Liberal would be rank sedition.

“WHOEVER sits and votes for Home Rule is false to his Queen and country.”—*Lord Beaconsfield*.

AND yet he can reward such a man with the Lord Lieutenancy of the County of Roscommon. Upon what principle did he act? was it on the old rule of “Set a th—,” but no, we will not commit a breach of privilege.

SMOKE INDIAN LUNKAH CHERROOTS, 2d. and 3d. each.

The Trade Supplied. WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA STREET, and 66, MARKET STREET.

MR. William Hoyle, of Tottington, has issued an address to the electors of Dewsbury. The address is sweet-*Hoyle-y* to the Liberal electors, but castor-*Hoyle-y* to the Tory Government.

MR. Jacob Bright, in speaking of the famine in Ireland, said “That if the House of Commons was fed upon one meal a-day of Indian corn, it would grow thinner and thinner until even the Speaker himself would finally disappear from sheer want of members to preside over.” We wonder what the Premier would look like after a few weeks' one meal a-day diet, even though the one meal consisted of champagne jelly.

As Sir W. Barttelot contends that we have no proof of death through absolute want in Ireland, we should think that either he never reads a newspaper, or that he is too obtuse to comprehend what he reads.

Is Mr. Hugh Birley's notice of motion for the entire abolition of the cotton duties in India another electioneering vote-trap? It certainly is not a Conservative idea, and is utterly antagonistic to Lord Beaconsfield's policy, which is saddling India with an enormous amount of useless liability, which it will need all its resources and revenues to pay.

WHEN Mr. Jacob Bright addressed himself to “every capable man on the Government benches,” had he counted them? If so, will he be kind enough to forward the exact number to the office of the *City Jackdaw*.

Apropos of the Southwark election, it is recorded by the *Clarke of Peckham* that as the Liberals have *Ship't on* an extra candidate, they will find themselves in the end absolutely *Dunn*.

THE great Tory party uphold flogging in the British army. This is passing strange, as donkeys generally have an antipathy to the lash.

WHY does not the reporter of the *City News* attend a few Conservative meetings and thus attain some sense of humour? He described the other day a Poor-law Guardian as speaking “excitedly.” Had he reported what the Guardian said his readers would have seen that he was laughing.

RHYME FOR PORRENGER.

AT the Tory low range,
 Seek a rhyme for porrenger.
 Mr. — is orange,
 Mr. — is orangier.

WHAT an extraordinary argument Lord Beaconsfield used the other day in the House of Lords about Home Rule! “If,” he said, “the people of Ireland wanted a Parliament, the people of York might also ask for one, and so on, until there would be no Parliament at all.” That is to say, if the people of Ireland had a Parliament, and the people of York had a Parliament, and the people of Scotland had a Parliament, and the people of Wales had a Parliament, and so on, there would be no Parliament at all! That is a genuine Tory view. The right name and value of a thing depends on its being limited to a few people. If all have it, it no longer exists. If a few great folks have rights or freedom, they are genuine rights and freedom. If the multitude have them, they are shadows. Did Lord Beaconsfield forget, or imply the other side of his argument, namely, that if there is to be only one Parliament, and that in London, there should be none in America, Australia, or India? Where is the scientific frontier to be drawn? Foes and friends of Home Rule should insist on sensible arguments.

THE *Quarterly Review*, in a late number, speaks of “our contemporary, the *City Jackdaw*.” Now we have no objection to the interchange of journalistic amenities within reasonable limits, but we must remind the *Quarterly Review* that, though both are published in the same year, the *City Jackdaw* is centuries in advance of the *Quarterly Review* in principles.

ABOUT SECRETARIES.

THE Manchester newspapers contained formal and prominent notifications that several secretaries of different Liberal associations were present in Liverpool during the late election. What business had they there? Did they imagine that they could be of any possible use, unless to the enemy? Did it occur to them that political parties, in a place like Liverpool, might feel as husbands and wives feel when an outsider interferes in their matrimonial quarrels, and, that, though the Liberals might welcome their services, this fact would only exasperate the Tories to redoubled exertions? Did all the northern towns send the secretaries of their Liberal associations to Liverpool? If they did, what an embarrassment of secretarial riches must have clogged and encumbered the local machinery! If they did not, what a distinctive and peculiar seal must have burned in the bosoms of those who did? But what possible good, we ask, could those gentlemen do in Liverpool? Did they desire to ascertain by experience what kind of sensations men have when they are beaten? If so, we hope sincerely they did not like the lesson they were compelled to learn, and that during the rest of their lives they will endeavour to avoid the repetition of it, at home and abroad. But we think it very probable that if questioned on the subject they would repudiate and resent the idea of their being in the least dissatisfied with their visit. They would airyly profess that they were not at all depressed or put out of spirits by the result of the poll. On the whole their visit to Liverpool was a very pleasant one. They were dejected, to be sure, but that was merely an incident in warfare, and the next best thing to winning a victory is suffering a defeat. Half the rapture of the game depends on the possibility of losing it. The freshness of scenery, the variety of faces, the meeting with old friends, the making of new acquaintances, the respect paid to them on all sides as illustrious strangers, the continual excitement, the pomp and circumstances of glorious war, the ever revived exhilaration—how could all their enjoyment be damped by a momentary declaration of a Conservative majority, particularly when they made their escape from the scene of the disaster the moment it occurred? They had enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and would be delighted to have an opportunity of repeating the same round of pleasure to-morrow. We do not doubt it for a single moment. In fact, we are quite sure of it. On one single condition we should acquiesce in it, and co-operate in bringing it to effect. If Liberal associations were made for the delectative exaltation and amusement of secretaries, we should cordially unite in sending several Manchester secretaries to make the grand tour with unlimited leave of absence. But seeing that secretaries are made for associations, and for the throbbing heaving restless wants of the ocean of inarticulate-speaking humanity on which associations float, we should much prefer to join in keeping secretaries at home, in every sense of that expression. For they have wandered so far from their original institution that they are doing an altogether different work from that for which they were appointed, and for which they still nominally hold office. They were appointed to record the people's will, and they are employed to impress the will of a small upper class upon the people, and to drill small sections of the Liberal community into machines for exposing that will as if it were the popular will. The instant a man is made secretary of an interest or body of any weight, he is seized on by the rulers of the party and used as a handle for wielding that interest or body as suits the rulers. He was appointed to represent a popular section, but he is instructed and directed from a different quarter of society. He is a changed man forthwith. He talks with balanced sentences and balanced opinions, and is ready on due occasions to expatiate on the perils of democratic excess. Thus the people make secretaries, but not for themselves. The instant they appoint a secretary their power vanishes. It passes through the secretary into the hands of the magnates, and the magnates reflect it back on the people coloured with their own views. Thus the people are nowhere, and the secretary is everywhere. He may be seen at one time standing like a supercilious nabob gazing on the fight with so fixed an attitude that you might suppose he was all legs. You may see him at another fluttering about as if he were all wings, and leaving Sir Boyle Roche's bird nowhere in the race. Again he is to be beheld exhibiting a long-handedness and copiousness of breath that would be sufficient to inflate all Lewis's advertising balloons at a sitting. Then he may be found betraying an insufficiency of breath to clothe the nakedness of an

initial vowel. And once more you may see him commanding the police force at a public demonstration like an Alexander the Great. But in all cases he is master of the ceremonies, for things have degenerated very much into a ceremony under his control. He determines, decides, and arranges everything. He used to have a pen behind his ear, now he carries a baton and marshals the host. Everyone recognises his authority. A thin veil of mystery cloaks his sovereign power, but every one sees through it. He forms committees, appoints deputations, arranges the seats on a platform, decides who is to speak, and assigns the order in which speakers are to follow each other. Of course, he is instructed how to do it, but he does it. The other day a member of a public body twitted another member who was protesting against some abuse, with having turned reformer of abuse only because he was not permitted to make speeches at clubs or at the Free Trade Hall. Every one understood what that meant. The names of the authorities that manage our affairs for us are written with a pale line in history, but nevertheless those who run may read. The gentleman who made this remark had done something in the secretarial way formerly, and knew what he was talking about. No one will suppose we mean to insinuate a disparaging word or thought about the able and honourable body of gentlemen to whom we refer. We merely acquaint the world openly with their greatness. All that we mean to say is, that they are not quite of the people, and that until they become wholly of the people, though they may be very ornamental to society in general, they must fail to be in any degree useful to the particular societies which they severally represent. Should any member of the fraternity have honoured us by reading our words thus far, we trust he is now in a mood to sympathise with us when we say that we deeply deplore the result of the Liverpool election, though he may not be yet prepared to agree with us when we add that too many cooks spoil the broth, and that over-much talk by strangers may irritate or create enemies more than it conciliates waverers or confirms friends.

THE CORONER AND THE GUARDIANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITY JACKDAW.

SIR,—I have read the letters upon this subject with great interest, because I live in the district of Ancoats, and am acquainted with the way in which the Poor-law is administered in this city. Those of the public who have never been brought face to face with the difficulties experienced by the industrious poor in their efforts to obtain relief, will certainly not credit the *truth*, when it is told, because they will naturally think that both the Board of Guardians and the relieving officers are of the same flesh and blood with themselves, and are, therefore, not at all likely to play the tyrant or taskmaster, but will simply set up such adventitious regulations as will secure the uniform treatment of the poor, and the public purse from imposition. This idea, however, if generally held, is far from covering the whole field, for if ever there was a position in which experience, beyond a certain point, was positively injurious, it is that of a Guardian of the Poor. It is not going beyond the bare fact to state that the Manchester Board of Guardians, with their almost unchanging constitution, have set up such bye-laws that scarcely any honest man, temporarily in difficulty, can obtain any relief at all without bidding adieu to honesty and self-respect, and instead becoming a craven mendicant, eating the bread of humility, and content to bear the scoffs and jibes of a cynic sitting at the Board, who taunts him with his poverty. This free sketch may be taken by your readers as too hastily drawn, but let any of them go among the poor, I care not where the district is, and ask how they were treated when applying for relief, and he will find that every description of Old Bailey pettifogging is practised to get the case within the letter of the law, and so refuse relief altogether. The result is that scheming and deception are the only weapons left to fight the Guardians with, and in this contest the deserving poor are invariably worsted. Take the following as a specimen of the sort of logic by which the poor are defeated:—B applies for relief; is asked where he worked last; he gives the answer. He is asked what he can earn; B gives the answer, when he is asked how much he can earn when trade is good? He answers that also. The applicant is sometimes assisted with a trifle whilst enquiries are being made, which are always over a *lengthened* period, and a mean is struck, only for the applicant to be told he has been

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is the best. May be had from Burges & Co.; Woolley's; Aty & Firth; Woodhead & Son; Holgate & Co.; N. Gould & Co.; Beeley & Gardner; Lamb & Holmes; Cadman; Leak; Smallman; Woodroffe, and all Grocers; MAKERS—BROOK & CO., 47, DANZIC STREET, MANCHESTER.

earning wages of such and such high average, and he cannot have relief. This contemptible trick of turning present wages back upon the times long past is seen through by the coroner, and he justly charges the Board with the responsibility of the sufferings which ensue, and publicly charges the chairman of the Board, as the representative of that body, with conduct of which that very respectable foreigner is utterly incapable. The chairman's difficulties are precisely those which are created by the cold unimpassioned section of the Board, who appear to delight in making a camel pass through the eye of a needle. The coroner is decidedly more able than any single Guardian of the Poor to decide what is wise, or unnecessary to protect the public purse, and he must be so able, not merely from his official position, but also from his well-known ability; and he now demands, as lawful custodian of the lives of the people, that the private report of the income of the family of old Mrs. Chorlton, who died of starvation, at a very advanced age, shall be surrendered to him, for doubtless thereon hangs a legal responsibility. The chairman of the Guardians appealed to the Local Government Board to send an inspector to inquire into the matter in dispute between the coroner and the Board, and evidently thought that the Guardians would come triumphantly out of the investigation. But if he really thought so, why not give up the private report into the coroner's hands? The very backwardness of the Guardians is an admission of their weak position. They have refused relief and "offered the house" to an old woman nearly eighty years old; the offer is rejected by a daughter who was willing to toil for her mother, but not willing to see the old woman immured in a bastile, and the scanty earnings of the dutiful daughter are too small to support the little family and keep the wolf from the door, so the mother died of old age, accelerated by hunger, says the medical evidence. The case is made still more atrocious from the fact that in addition to the feeble and tottering mother, there was also a crippled son, all to support out of a *present income* of about 10s. per week; and this income the Guardians, by their decision, pronounce enough to keep a house and three adult people. As one of the people who has given regularly whatever I could spare to the poor in the Ancoats district known to the friends of the chapel and school with which I am connected, I say, let the Government Inspector come, but do not let that inspector be the gentleman who inspects the Manchester district regularly. He will not carry the confidence of the ratepayers, and citizens. He is one intimately concerned in defending the present line of conduct of the Guardians. The inspector for this purpose ought to be a stranger, and not a friend, and the public ought to be invited to come forward and give their opinions upon the mode of relief in Manchester, and I fearlessly aver that in no city in England has the local authority, by their failure to reach the cases requiring relief, given rise to so many outside relief associations as has the Manchester Board of Guardians. Yet these gentlemen have not run short of champions. Twelve months ago, when a case of official starvation was before the public, a *man*, who signed himself a *Lady Visitor*, wrote to the papers libelling the people of this town; and lately another letter—I should not wonder if from the same person—appears, signed "*civis*," but in very truth the letter is not *civis*, but *incivis*, and if I also add infamous, I shall not transgress the bonds of propriety, nor the needs of the case. I feel very sorry the chairman and vice-chairman of the Guardians are in such company as they are. Their position makes them the tools of men whose tender mercies are as molten brass. The policy of the Board is shaped by this school, and until the rookery has been carved clean out of the body corporate of that institution, any action of theirs in reply to the coroner will not receive the approbation of the public.

W. D. BELMOUNT.

[This letter was in type last week, but was crowded out. Since then, Mr. Cane, the Government Inspector, has exonerated the Guardians from blame, thus officially approving the offer of a labour test to a woman of eighty.—ED. C. J.]

MERIT AND JOBBERY.

A MAN, named John Ward, of Morice-town, near Devonport, who was formerly a boatswain in Her Majesty's service, and who, according to the *Devonport Independent's* record of his services, has probably saved more lives than any man who ever entered the service, has lately been the recipient of one of the most cruel official rebuffs on record. Whilst serving in the *Britannia* he saved two lives; whilst

in the *Fly* he saved four people, one of whom was a lady; in the *American* frigate, where he was only one year stationed, he saved three men from drowning, the last being during a strong gale in the Bay of Biscay; during his stay in the *Hound*, two men owed their lives to him; in the *Gladiator* he again saved a fellow-shipmate's life whilst the vessel was steaming ten knots an hour; whilst serving in the *Desperate* he jumped overboard in the middle of the night in the height of winter to a seaman's assistance, in Bantry Bay, in a heavy sea, and was *two hours* in the water supporting his burden before a boat could reach him; and in the *Caesar*, in the Baltic, in 1855, he saved two men and a boy from watery graves. Here is a record, which we venture to assert, has never been excelled in the annals of the British Navy. Whilst on the *Hound*, in 1851, he was complimented by the Admiralty for his gallant and humane conduct, and received a letter of thanks from Commodore Bruce. He also received a medal from the Humane Society, and a vote of thanks on vellum whilst serving in the *Gladiator*. After his gallant exploit in Bantry Bay he was publicly thanked by the Admiral, received a silver medal from the Benevolent Society, and another vote of thanks from the Humane Society; he also received another medal and vote of thanks for his services in the Baltic. He retired from the navy upon a pension of a few shillings a week, but anxious to increase an income which was too insignificant to exist upon, he has applied for a small appointment at the Naval College, but the Treasury hold that no man is allowed to serve in any new appointment after he is sixty years of age. And yet the Government which can thus shut their eyes to the extraordinary public services of poor John Ward, on the plea that he is sixty years of age, could, in 1875, confer upon Lord Hampton the new position of Chief Civil Service Commissioner, although at the time he was *seventy-six* years of age, and not because of his public, but his *party* services, for had he not, as Sir John Pakington, been one of the most unscrupulous partisans in the roll of Toryism? Not only was this more than septuagenarian appointment made, but the salary attached to it was raised from £1,500 to £2,000; and, to complete the farce, a new office, that of "Extra Commissioner" was created, at a salary of £1,200, in order to enable his lordship to do the work by proxy, and pocket the remuneration. We will not comment upon the merits or demerits of the two cases, we have simply stated the bare facts, leaving the public to judge for themselves whether it is not high time that a Ministry which so openly abuses the position it holds, is swept away, and its deeds blotted out from the records which should be those of honest and good government.

BARTON LOCAL BOARD : SCENE ABOUT CONTRACTS.

[BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LAST week the usual monthly meeting of the Board was held. There were present—Messrs. H. Leigh, J.P. (chairman), J. Bradburn, A. Black, F. Ermen, T. Farron, A. Burton, J. Leigh, J. C. Mather, R. Spary, R. M. Cowell, Major Waddington, and the clerk, Mr. G. Trenbath. The minutes of the last meeting having been read and passed—to the entire satisfaction of the members present, if not to the public at large—together with a number of other *et ceteras*, the Law of Contracts came on the *tapis*.

The Clerk said that as Mr. Spary had taken the trouble to go into the subject in question he would read the letter he had forwarded on the subject, and which was to the following effect:—

"Rose Bank, Ellesmere Road, Eccles, 28th January, 1880.

"Dear Sir.—At the Board meeting on Monday, the 2nd February next, with the permission of the Board, I will refer to the law of contracts as to penalties against, and disqualification of members of public authorities, and will quote cases to show that the law on these points is well settled, and that the views referred to by Mr. Mather and others at the recent audit, as well as at the meetings of the Board and on other occasions are entirely untrue."

Mr. Spary said that his object was to still further make clear to the Board and the ratepayers that the charges that had been brought against members and some of its principal officers were mistaken allegations. (Hear, hear, from all but Mr. M., who differed, if only in principle, from his antagonist, Mr. S—y.)

The Chairman (rather impatiently stamping his boots upon the uncarpeted floor): Be as concise as possible, because a deal of precious time has already been wasted on this subject.

ARONSBERG'S "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES ONLY TO BE HAD AT 12, VICTORIA STREET, AND 103, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Mr. Farron (meekly folding his hands, and bowing obsequiously to the chair): "Will it do if we take it as read, and hand over the copy to the papers—especially to the *Jackdaw's* commissioner (looking with anything but a friendly eye to your representative)—to deal with it as they may think fit?"

Mr. J. Leigh (eagerly): I second that 'ere motion.

Then up jumps Mr. Mather "like a lion refreshed," and putting a tone of entreaty in his voice: Is this treating me fairly? (With emotion): Because, when before the Auditor, I asked Mr. Spary to state a case, and he was unable to do so.

The Clerk (assuming his usual magisterial air, and glancing angrily at the too free-spoken Mr. M.): It was distinctly stated at the time that there were scores of cases.

Mr. M.—(sternly)—I don't think he ought to be allowed to take up our precious time now because he failed to do so before the Auditor, and he ought not to state them here where he is sure to have sympathy. (Hear, hear, and murmurs of dissent from Mr. S—'s supporters.)

Mr. Spary: It is not a question of sympathy, but plain common law.

Mr. Mather: If persons are to be allowed to waste time— (Here the emotion of the speaker so far overcome him as to prevent further utterance on his part, thus giving Mr. Spary time to hand over the MS. in question to the reporter.)

The statement, upon the suggestion of the gallant Major W. and the chairman, was then read, after which the business of the Board came to a close.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITY JACKDAW.

SIR,—Being in the neighbourhood of Whitehall, on Thursday last, at two o'clock, I thought I might as well see the Royal procession, especially as her Majesty was to leave Whitehall about that time.

I did not anticipate getting near enough to see any of the Royal family, and was greatly surprised to find I could walk the whole length of Whitehall without the least inconvenience, and get a complete view of the road and the occupants of the conveyances. The steps and balconies of the houses were well filled, and at the corners people massed in fairly good numbers, but along the footpath and road they did not number more than four deep; consequently everyone had a good view. Perhaps we provincials expect too much. I certainly did anticipate an enormous and enthusiastic crowd, and found neither; people could walk two and three abreast on the left, and more than double that quantity on the right, hand side of the road (Whitehall).

On the appearance of the different members of the Royal family, faint cheers arose, and they certainly were faint; there was neither enthusiasm nor excitement of any kind; the cheers were too stereotyped, too short of feeling. The reception of the Turkish Ambassador was anything but flattering to him, his appearance being the signal for groans and hisses; I did not hear, as he went the length of Whitehall, one single cheer! What his Excellency's thoughts could be I do not know; certainly they could not be of the most pleasurable kind, considering the receptions that have been previously accorded to him when Jingoism was in its zenith.

When her Majesty's carriage came slowly along, doubts were expressed that she occupied it, the people exhibited very little feeling that would denote her presence, and those further away could not imagine, by the sound of the cheers, that the Queen was near. Not more than two people out of ten opened their lips to greet her, and not one out of ten of the males raised their hats out of respect to her; the coolness of the reception was the subject of general comment the whole length of Whitehall.

Immediately the Queen had passed, the majority of the people made their way to the Strand and to different parts: there seemed no idea of waiting for the procession to return.

I am well aware the foregoing is in direct contradiction to what most of the papers have said; but I have written what I saw and heard, without the least partiality.

Commenting on the newspaper reports to a gentleman, he told me that it would not do for the provinces to know her Majesty was

received so coldly, and that he, though a Londoner and a witness of all similar processions for many years past, had never seen one like it—so cold and indifferent.—Yours truly,

EYE WITNESS.

AN INTERESTING TEA PARTY.

WE understand that a congregational gathering took place last Friday (Feb. 6th) at the school-room of St. Thomas, Ardwick, and in the course of the evening a telegram was read by the Chairman, the Rev. Joseph Nunn, rector, announcing the result of the Liverpool election, such result being exulted in by the reader, and of course the frantic delight of the young and old ladies, the officers of the church, boys of the choir, &c., knew no bounds.

However, the announcement, and the way it was greeted, was too much for Mr. Nunn's, curate, who in the first place expressed his disapproval of the rector's action, and afterwards openly said he was not pleased at the result of the Liverpool election, and emphatically condemned the Government, and so on.

It can be easily imagined that a scene here occurred such as is seldom witnessed at a tea party presided over by clergymen, and it was fortunate that the tea urns, and cups and saucers had been removed, or there might possibly have been some scalds and burns.

We rather suspect this bold young curate will hold rather a warm place in the political affections of his people for some time to come.

BONNIE LORD RAMSAY.

(A LIVERPOOL ELECTION SONG.)

TUNE: *Bonnie Prince Charlie*.

COME ye from North End, lad with the waving flag,
Down by Edge Hill and the Docks by the Mersey;
Saw ye my lads with music and blue cockades,
Leaving their workshops to vote for Lord Ramsay?

CHORUS—

Vote for thee, vote for thee, who wouldn't vote for thee?
Well hast thou spoken and trusted us fairly.
Ramsay! Ramsay! who wouldn't vote for thee?
First in all liberal hearts, bonnie Lord Ramsay!

I have but one vote, and that I prize dearly,
But if I had ten, thou shouldst have them as freely!
Health to our Rathbone, Holt, and George Melly,
For they are the men that work for Lord Ramsay.

CHORUS—

What tho' the Tories, in league with the Brewers,
Have beaten us Liberals, and now crow so loudly!
The next time we meet, in spite of all tricksters,
To the top of the poll we'll carry Lord Ramsay.

CHORUS—

Manchester, 10th Feb., 1880.

ST. C.

CLEVER RECOVERY OF GOODS FROM A BURGLAR.—During a period of several months a daring and skilful depredator has been at work in the neighbourhood of Pendleton. House after house has been broken into and despoiled of its valuable contents. Large quantities of plate have been taken. The robber at last grew so confident from long impunity that he attacked a large mansion in the daytime. An alarm was raised, and a policeman met the man at the hall door coolly walking off with his spoil. The policeman seized the bundle which the man was carrying. The man left it in his hands and made off, saying that it did not matter which of them had it. The policeman will be presented with a piece of plate and promoted.

It is not generally known that several families of leading Conservatives in Manchester had the noses of their younger members tattooed with blue anchors when the news was first circulated that the sons of the Prince of Wales were thus adorned. When it was ascertained that this latter intelligence was untrue, much difficulty was felt at the course to be taken. As the loyalty of the intention remained unchanged, it was decided to display what had been done, and adopt the practice generally. Three well-known Conservative gentlemen will, in a short time, appear at a public meeting with blue figures on their noses. This, it is thought, will set the fashion. There will be no need of blue favours or ribbons at election times.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT. HOPGOOD & CO.'S N. & S. Hair Cream, recommended by Eminent Physicians, for its "surprising and unerring success," may be had of all Chemists & Perfumers, at 1/-, 2/-, 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, & 11/-. H. & CO.'s Sedative Cold Cream, 6d., 1/-, & 2/6.

PORTRAITS—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

BORN 1328. DIED 1400.

[BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.]

King Edward (III) was, of course, the lord of Windsor, and his son, so fair and tall, was equally of course the Black Prince. Had there been answer from his highness to this compliment? Yes; very pleasant, very memorable, answer: the creation, on St. George's Day, of a new office—that of poet-laureate in connexion with the castle and the saint.

On St. George's Day, 23rd April, 1374, King Edward, in a royal patent, dated Windsor, had created Geoffrey Chaucer his poet-laureate—a martial man, the singer of a martial age.

To cheer his lusty singer, the King had granted him a pitcher of wine for every day in the year; a gift to be received in the King's name from the royal butler as long as the poet-laureate lived and sang. But that heroic day was gone with the great King. Crécy and Poictiers were nigh forgotten. St. George had all but sunk into the earth. A poet-laureate singing of noble deeds and gallant men in the reign of Vere was out of place. Nor was it better under the supremacy of Gloucester. Only after Lancaster's separation from his brother had the poet gained so great a post as that of master of the works.

* * * * *

This feud (the quarrel between the Dukes Gloucester and Lancaster as to who should marry Lady Mary, the youngest daughter and co-heir of Humphrey de Bohun, late Earl of Essex and Hereford, Henry of Bolingbroke, or go into a convent and leave her estates to her sister, Lady Elinor, wife to the Duke of Gloucester; she ultimately was married to Bolingbroke and was mother to King Henry V.) had made the poet's fortune (as words ran high between the royal dukes, that everyone had to choose his side and stand with either one or the other of the disputants; the poet and his family stood with Lancaster); for the headlong duke, parting from his able brother and still abler nephew, had been overthrown. A change of government brought Chaucer to the royal hill. His patent as master of the King's works at Windsor bore the date of 12th July, 1390; a short time after Wykeham, the original architect, returned to office as lord chancellor. The new master may have been chosen by the architect; must have been chosen with his knowledge and consent. Wykeham was not a man to suffer an incompetent person to repair a work so splendid and so famous as his chapel of St. George.

How had the new occupant of Winchester Tower been qualified for such a task? Had he, beyond his power of word and thought—his grasp of character, his depth of humour, his expanse of vision—the skill of an architect and engineer? That he could build the lofty rhyme we know. How had he learned to build the lofty tower and roof the open nave? We judge a man by what he does, much as we judge a tree by what it bears.

Chaucer's employment by the Crown at Windsor Castle, on St. George's Chapel, was not his first employment as an architect and engineer. Twelve months ago, soon after Wykeham returned to office, he had been clerk of the King's works in other places. His patent, bearing date at Windsor, gave into his charge, as architect, the palace of Westminster, the Tower of London, and the hunting-lodge at Shene. Windsor excepted, all the palaces and manors in the southern shires were under his control; the palaces at Eltham and Kensington, the castles of Berkhamsted and Clarendon, the manors of Byfleet and Chiltern-Langley, the lodges at Fickenham and Hatherberg, with the falconries at Charing Cross. His pay was two shillings a-day; and he had power to name a deputy, the duty of attending to these palaces and lodges being too great for any single man to undertake.

The works at Windsor needed a master's eye. In Chaucer's commission to repair the chapel of St. George, the clause permitting him to name a deputy was omitted. Chaucer was to guide the works himself; an article in which one feels a trace of the original builder's eye. Yet one has seen the poet's warrant treated as a sham! Why so? Shams, sinecures, dead offices, were things of a later growth. No doubt, his friends were high in power. But Wykeham regarded this Windsor chapel as his favourite child. The Lancastrians had a hundred ways of helping such a man as Chaucer, without giving him a post for which he was unfit. Wykeham could have found him

twenty places in the court of chancery; and would have found them quickly, to prevent a person who was ignorant of the building art from laying his fingers on the walls and rafters of St. George.

(To be Continued.)

SKETCHES BY JINGO.

XXIX.—OLD BARKER'S VALENTINE; OR, A CURE FOR A JEALOUS WIFE.

ONCE again were we assembled around old Barker's hospitable hearth, listening to the numerous anecdotes, &c., which appeared to come from a mind stored with pleasant memories of the past, and which is so characteristic of the venerable old patriarchs who grace so well the beloved arm-chair and the long clay pipe, which may even yet be seen in the villages where the spirit of progress has not as yet interfered with the thatched cottage, the green fields, and the old farmyard made so homely by the presence of the poultry, the lowing of cattle, and the merry whistle of the ploughboy on his way to his humble abode.

"Yo mun know," began Barker, glancing affectionately at his wife, who sat near, "that aw're wont plauged wi' a gradely jealous wif, who thowt ut every pratty wench ut looked at me wur i' love wi' me."

"Hey, Jack," deprecates the wife, "theaw shouldn't say so; heaw con theaw fashun to tell sich fibs?—un before me, too!"

"Well," continued Barker, smiling at Betty's pretended earnestness, "aw wur made so uncomfortable by my wif's jealous ways that aw geet quoite desperate loike, un aw mony a toime axed mysel' th' question—

"O, why did aw marry?"
 Loike now, it wur th' month o' February—near Valentoin'e Day; un one neet, us aw lay pondherin' upon th' question which lay nearest my heart, a breet thowt suddenly enthered my yed, un aw gan sich a sheawt o' jey (joy) that my wif thowt aw're gone off it, un set up a skrike leawd enoof to ha' freetened th' neibours abeawt; but as her skrikes—loike her tears—wur very near th' leet o' day, nobody seamp to tak mich notice beyond a twothre' sheawtin', 'Oh, it's nobbut owd Barker un his wif agen—dash um!' Th' schame which aw hed getten i' my yed wur as follows: Aw would get one o' th' prattiest valentoin'e money could buy, un post it to *myself* as if it hed coom fro' a young lady—gettin', ov course, a wench to wrote th' address on th' valentoin'e, an' mak an agreement wi' her to meet her at a certain place i' th' village known as th' Lovers' Walk. Well, th' valentoin'e coom i' due course, un yo should ha' seen th' face ov eawr Betty when—us aw tuk greight care hoo should—th' postman bondoned her th' fancy-lookin' article o' foolishness! 'Wheere's this fro', Barker,' said Betty, in a low voice full o' jealous passion; 'tell me, or aw'll geet a separashun at wonet! Aw'll teach thi to recave valentoin'e fro' sich brazen-faces as this one!' Here Betty stamped uppo th' valentoin'e i' sich a manner as to give one a good idee o' what th' sender would ha' suffered if hoo'd bin within reydh o' Betty's fingers. 'Dust intend to go to meet this wench, Barker,' stormed Betty; 'becose, if theaw does, aw meen to go, too. Aw'll see if aw can't foind eawt these fancy lasses theaw seems to prefer to me, theaw'—. But here her voice becom stopped i' tears, un hoo actuallly fainted o'er wif excitement. As yo may ha' already guessed, aw hed med arrangements for a sartain young woman to meet me, un of course it wur in th' agreement for her to forward th' valentoin'e at a toime when Betty would be awaom to recave it; un, us aw hev shown, th' plan so far succeeded us well us could be desired. Aw donn'd mi Sunday cloas on Valentoin'e Day—or rayther neet—un off aw set to th' place o' meetin', or roudy-boot (rendezvous), us th' scollards co'en it. Eawt o' th' corner o' my reet ee aw watched Betty makkin' secret preparations to follow me on my travells; an' tawkin' abeawt laasfin' in yere sleeve, aw laafed theere till yo met ha' yerd th' seumas crackin' at th' sooides—a fact! Off aw seet, knowin' ut Betty wur close behind me, un yo may be sure aw led her a pratty race alung th' lonely countrhy road. At last aw reached th' place o' meetin', un, yerrin' a neyse near, aw knowed that Betty wur hidin'. Soon a young woman coom i' view, un when hoo drew near enoof aw seed that it wur th' wench ut had sent th' valentoin'e. Aw run forrud, un claspin' her i' my honds, aw gan her a seawndin' kiss upon her cherry-coloured lips.

(To be continued in our next.)

TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC

gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/1 and 2/0 of Chemists.

NOTICE EXTENDED,

From January 22nd to February 17th, 1880.

The following advertisement was formerly for 21 days, but in consequence of so many HUNDREDS of inquiries made to R. BANKS by letter, post card, messenger, &c., asking him if he would favour them with a sitting for their Photographs at one-half the usual price, providing they send in their names during the advertisement of half-price, and PAY WHEN THEY COME to have their Photograph taken. The following is a copy of

“If not convenient for you to sit during the short time of this advertisement, you can send to me, by post or otherwise, 2/6, 3/9, or 5/3 according to the kind you require, and I will give you a receipt for it, and enter it in the books so that you can have a sitting for your Photographs at any time during the summer months of 1880.”

All Orders per post must be accompanied with cash and stamped envelope for reply.

Carte-de-Visite and Cabinet Photographs by R. BANKS will be charged only ONE-HALF THE USUAL PRICE.

For example, those formerly charged 5/- per dozen will be 2/6, those charged 7/6 will be 3/9, and those charged 10/6 will be 5/3. Other prices charged at the same rate, that is to say, one-half the usual price.

Should any person be desirous of having another dozen from any of the Negatives previously taken at any of his Studies, they can be supplied at one-half the usual price during the term of this notice.

JUVENILES.—Where only a small amount of pocket money is allowed to meet these young people's wants, 500 dozen will be issued to boys and girls over seven and under twelve years of age at 2/- per dozen.

Should any Lady or Gentlemen have a Carte-de-Visite of themselves or any relative or friend, they can have it copied and One Dozen Cartes printed from it for 3/9.

R. BANKS wishes it to be clearly understood that all work done during this notice will be equally as well finished as that at the usual price.

R. BANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER,
73A, MARKET STREET,
CORNER OF NEW BROWN STREET;
1, NEW CROSS;
AND AT HIS RESIDENCE—
REMBRANDT HOUSE, ALEXANDRA PARK, MANCHESTER.

The above Prices quoted are meant as an advertising medium for 1880. See “Evening Mail” and “Evening News” every day.

WEST OF ENGLAND SOAP COMPANY, 47, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.

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MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

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No Connection with any other firm.—AGENTS WANTED.

PRICE 10s. 6d.



Deafness! Deafness! Deafness!

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—St. Matthew, x. xi., v. 15.

DENTON'S CELEBRATED REMEDIES FOR DEAFNESS,

NOISES IN THE HEAD, GIDDINESS, AND DISCHARGE FROM THE EARS.

Mr. Denton begs to call particular attention to the following Extracts from Letters and Testimonials from some of the persons who have been cured:—

"70, Ashton New Road, November 2nd, 1871.

Dear Sir,—My conscience will not allow me to postpone any longer tendering to you my most sincere thanks for the wonderful cure you have worked upon me. Your invaluable Preparation has done wonders. In order that this well-merited commendation may be seen to be something more than mere flattery, I will just mention one or two instances illustrative of the improvement of the condition of my sense of hearing. Thanks to you, this sense is now delicate. . . . I would remind you that I have suffered from deafness all my life. By occupation I am a pupil teacher. The noise occasioned by ordinary school duties has been so great of late that I sent a boy the other day for a piece of wool to put in my ears, in order to diminish it. Last Sunday I attended church, as usual, and although the minister was an Irishman, and, of course, a little imperfect in pronunciation, I heard every word in the whole of his discourse. I am not able to express my gratitude to you, but I will say that I hope you will long be spared to go on in your Christian work of healing and relieving, by your intelligence and experience, the sufferings from this distressing affliction of your fellow-men.

"Yours gratefully,

ARTHUR WARREN."

"To Mr. Denton."

"Shaw near Oldham, January 25th, 1878.

Dear Sir,—After being seriously afflicted with Deafness for four or five years, I was induced through a friend to apply to you, and after the period of TWENTY DAYS my hearing was perfectly restored, and I can hear as well as ever I could in my life, for which I am thankful to you, and shall at any time be most happy to recommend any person so afflicted to your care.—Yours respectfully.

JOHN MOSS.

The above-mentioned Remedies will be sent per rail, securely packed, on receipt of Post-office Order for 10s. 6d., made payable at *Regent Road, Salford*, to

MR. J. DENTON,

(Nearly Twenty Years with a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons) 173, REGENT ROAD, SALFORD.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

AB-O'TH'-YATE'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL, 1879.

EDITED BY BEN BRIERLEY.

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